

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXVIII. No. 2314

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London
October 31, 1945



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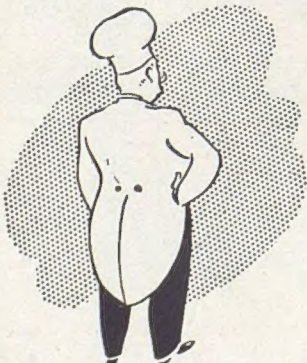
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Major-General The Lord Burnham, C.B., D.S.O., M.C.

Major-General the Lord Burnham, Director of Public Relations at the War Office and Senior Military Adviser to the Ministry of Information since 1942, is being demobilized. His successor is Brig. E. H. A. J. O'Donnell, who has been Brig. A.G. (Co-ordination) the War Office. Brig. O'Donnell is an Irishman; he was born in Dublin in 1893 and served throughout the first World War in France and Flanders, Macedonia and Caucasus



PORTRAITS IN PRINT

"Egad, I think the interpreter is the hardest to be understood of the two!"

—RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

Sheridan and "The Critic"

I WAS amused and saddened at the same time by the spectacle of dramatic critics sweeping out from the first night of the revival of Sheridan's *The Critic*, just because the Old Vic company had chosen it to follow Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex*. I know it is fashionable to revere Mr. Olivier in all his tragic roles; it is certainly safe to prefer tragedy to comedy. But somehow, through a frivolous defect of character no doubt, I cannot accept the full horror of a story about a man who murders his father and marries his mother. It seems to smack too much of the livelier Sunday newspapers. The very title evokes the smart psychologist's waiting-room, or the shades of plump "Good-time-Charlies" who used to trail round the Riviera in the wake of their mamas.

But the theme of *The Critic* is ever fresh and to the point. From my slight experience as a critic I would recommend myself and all my colleagues to learn it off by heart. Admittedly the fun is occasionally a trifle spun out; but in the main it is astonishingly brilliant and riotously funny. I never cared much for *The School for Scandal*. Thin stuff after Congreve, to my mind, and fit at best as a means for millionaires' wives in the role of Lady Teazle to gratify their wistful dramatic ambitions. *The Rivals*, in which Miss Edith Evans at present delights us, is a tolerably good piece; but it lacks the dash and glitter and sense of *The Critic*. First produced almost exactly 166 years ago, this was Sheridan's last comedy, though it incorporated some of the conceits and dialogue from an unsuccessful farce called *Jupiter* which he wrote very young.

What a strange conflict of the endearing and the odious raged in Sheridan's character. How could so brilliant a wit have let himself be assailed by such dreary snobbery? (I know, of course, that snobbery may contain a romantic impulse, but it is fundamentally a humourless failing; Wilde, for all his verbal acrobacies, was at heart a solemn owl of a Victorian, as *Salome* well shows.) And it seems strange that Sheridan could have treated so carelessly his lovely wife, Elisabeth Linley. I have been in love with her shade ever since I first saw the Gainsborough at Knole of her with her small brother—as pretty a portrait as the English School ever produced. But then, the maddening tricks of other men's pretty wives are always hid from one.

Who knows but that Elisabeth Linley whined or sniffed or bullied? I prefer, however, my dream of her as an incomparable goddess with the delicate lips and the dark curls curving round a graceful neck. One never gets far away from Sheridan. His ghost still seems to laugh in the club to which I belong; in its betting book are still enshrined the extravagant wagers he would make, particularly in his transports of regret after the death of his Elisabeth, when only thirty-eight. I stayed this last weekend in a house which had once been his; the ancient cedar-tree on the lawn may well have lent him its shade.

Styles of Acting

SEEMING Laurence Olivier, last in the Sheridan frivolity, and first in *Oedipus*—an astonishing versatility whatever one's views on the performance—I could not help reflecting that perhaps no art has known such violent fluctuations of fashion as the dramatic one. I grew up to the slick incisive understatements of Sir Gerald du Maurier, the sardonic ease of the great Jouvet. And now we seem to be going back to the crusted rantings of Irving. How would we have liked Betterton or Bracegirdle? I suspect we would have found them almost incomprehensible. And Mrs. Siddons? I can almost feel tedium at the thought of her. Keane I would like to have seen, and the great Talma,

Bernhardt I once saw declaim *L'Aiglon* almost from a bath-chair; I felt more awe than pleasure at the spectacle and I suspect I would never really have taken to the *Voix d'Or*.

Duse was a very different matter. In *La Donna della Mare* that slight almost anonymous figure made me truly feel the terror and compassion which the Greeks held to be the very essence of the tragic art. The great Moisi, too, in *Der lebende Leichnam* (Tolstoy's *Resurrection*) afforded me another of the rare moments when I have felt the theatre to be supreme among the Muses. And at the risk of seeming whimsical I must confess to having felt it once in the Kaiming Theatre at Peking.

The average Chinese tragedy—or opera, for it is really both—is very hard for a foreigner to follow, however well he speak Mandarin. For most



A Young Painter of Promise

Anthony Devas, thirty-four years old this year, had four pictures on the line in this summer's Royal Academy at Burlington House. He lives in Chelsea, has a roof-top studio, a wife (the former Nicolette Macnamara, who is also a painter) and two children, Emma and Esmond

of the dialogue is written in a formalized language, quite remote from the boisterous jargon of the Peking streets. To enjoy yourself, therefore, you must know the play thoroughly well beforehand. (Even the Chinese take this precaution; my servants, for instance, all kept at their fingertips the repertory of classic tragedies.) The great moments in a Chinese play, moments like the dagger speech in *Macbeth*, for instance, consist in some simple but infinitely subtle gesture. In the *Rainbow Bridge* it is the tossing back of a sleeve. One evening we went to see the part played by Mei Lan-fang, the greatest Chinese actor of our day, I suppose. As the moment of the sleeve approached, the tension in the theatre became almost unbearable. The attendants even stopped throwing scented towels to those who felt like wiping their hands. Then,

Mei tossed back the sleeve. I could never have believed mere hands could convey so much love and despair. For twenty seconds there was silence in the theatre; then a sigh passed across it, and suddenly the whole audience was barking "Hao, hao, hao!" which means "Good, good, good."

Chinese Male Impersonators

I HEARD a rumour the other day that Mei had been killed by the Japanese. I devoutly hope it is untrue. He specialized in female parts, for the Chinese theatre preserves a convention almost Elizabethan to our ideas. Only by degrees is the custom going, which has prevailed since the seventeenth century, of banning women from the great tragic roles. The actors who play female roles speak in a peculiar feline tone, almost an octave above the normal. It is a trick apparently difficult to acquire. Sometimes, walking of a morning in the grounds of the Temple of Heaven, and passing a wall which had marked qualities of echo, I would find lined up against it the youthful dramatic students with their venerable teachers pitilessly coaching them into the mincing accents which would bring them fame.

"Down in the Depths on the Ninetieth Floor"

THE other evening I found myself reluctantly splashing through Buckinghamshire mud to a sort of charity cocktail party in aid of I know not what. A beautiful eminent actress auctioned bottles of gin at a price no thirst could be worth, and somebody sang a moderately funny song about non-fraternization. Then two G.I.s played a duet of *Night and Day*, very competently indeed. They were amiable enough to offer to play whatever within reason I might choose. I suggested a number for which I have a passion called *Down in the depths on the ninetieth floor*. At once they became radiant and puzzled. How did I know it? Only a few of the elect had ever heard it. For some unknown reason it has never enjoyed any success.

Yet this song, satirical and haunting in a super-Cole Porter manner, about the girl abandoned by her love to her smart pent-house and her painted dress, conjures up all Park Avenue. "And even the janitor's wife . . ." they sang, and at once I was whisked away from Metroland, the evening air of New York was sparkling, electric, instead of soft and dripping. I was shooting up in an elevator. Through the grill you could see into each of the apartments as you passed. Their styles of decoration were as diversified as the layers of a "pounding Nesselrode." Colonial, Provençal, Louis Seize, Renaissance, and sometimes just "Louis." And in each of them the same welcoming curiosity about the newcomer.

Life and Existence

SEATED for the first time since I don't know how long in a restaurant car the other day, I was toying with various dehydrated foods (including bread: not yet gas enough for toast) when the train stopped. In the sudden hush I heard one G.I. say to another: "Listen, I'd sooner make \$1,000 in the States than \$3,000 here. These English don't live. They just exist."

Tactless though the remark may have been, there was, I fear, an element of truth in it from an American point of view. The spiritual luxuries which Europe can give you, beautiful buildings, brilliant conversation they have hardly known and therefore do not miss. They do miss the efficiency, the creature comforts which have never abounded here, even in peacetime. France, of course, could in past days excuse herself by pointing to her food. That we could never do, though our cooking in normal times is no worse, I think, than American. But even plumbing and radio and kindness no longer suffice after a time. Vaguely restless, you drive southward on and on towards the Mexican border. In the last town of consequence on the American side in New Mexico, the chromium pipes hiss and gurgles with relentless perfection; the hatcheck girl is neat and amiable in tight-stretched white sharkskin. You cross the frontier, telephone cables trail in the chicken-infested dust. Poverty flies. Suddenly a peal of bells from a baroque town, a snatch of a fandanguillo. You have come home, almost to the miseries and splendours of Europe.

Simon Hasenmt-Smith



King Peter and Queen Alexandra of Yugoslavia

and the Infant Crown Prince at
Home in Surrey

● These charming pictures of King Peter and Queen Alexandra with their infant son were taken at King Peter's country home at Egham in Surrey. The young Crown Prince was christened last week in Westminster Abbey. H.M. the King, who acted as godparent, has now been godfather to both father and son, for as Duke of York he was godfather to King Peter in 1923. The Patriarch of Yugoslavia came over to England to officiate at the christening and brought a sacred ikon of St. Sava for the ceremony



AT THE PICTURES

with

Vance Regal.

A Plea For The Little Carlton

FOR years I have been pleading in this column for little theatres which would revive the best films and go on reviving them at regular intervals. Repertory cinemas, in a word. That the plea was justified has been amply proved by the success of the Academy and Studio One Theatres. I desire now to make a further plea on behalf of the little Carlton Theatre in the Tottenham Court Road which, every three weeks, puts up a wonderful programme and in my opinion is not getting the support it deserves. Within the last few months wide-awake film-goers have had the chance of seeing *La Bête Humaine*, *Les Yeux Noirs*, *Nitchevo*, *Stradivarius*, *Amphytrion 38*, *Le Marchand d'Amour*, *Un Carnet de Bal*, *Les Trois Valses* and *Louis Pasteur*. And presently we are to see *Trois de St. Cyr*, *Hotel du Nord*, *L'Etrange M. Victor*, *Les Rois du Sport*, *Entrée des Artistes*, *Education de Prince*, *Le Bonheur*, and *Carrefour*. The prices at this theatre are highly reasonable, ranging from 2s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. including tax. Where, I want to ask, are the intellectuals who so bitterly complain about our popular films? Why don't they patronize the good ones? I have never seen a pair of corduroy trousers go into or come out of the Carlton, unless they have been the string-tied bags of the road-mender anxious to improve himself. I have never sat behind one of those intellectually dirty necks. The Bloomsbury-encrusted sort.

RECENTLY I was enthralled by the Pasteur film. Perhaps only semi-enthralled because, when all is said and done, the stage did greater justice to the theme than does this picture. I think that sufficient credit was never given to Sacha Guitry for this fine drama. Landor says that true wit requires the grave mind and reminds us that Rabelais and La Fontaine were dreamers. "Few men have been graver than Pascal." Few men have been wittier. There is more seriousness in Sacha than his wittiest plays might lead us to suppose. It was said that this was not really a play. That its five acts broke every canon, and that there was no action, no development of character. Yet those acts were charged with a rare and high emotion. This play was, as any play ought to be, a trifle too big for the spectator. It gave scope to a character so monumental that the audience could not quite grasp the whole of him. We wanted to turn him round, to see the other side, to think him over. Yet what did it all amount to! A scene or two of defiant scorn, of old age in tender contemplation of youth, of the approach of winter vexing an untiring and unyielding brain. And that was all. Lucien Guitry's acting of Pasteur was

in the grand tradition. Johnson would have found some sonority to fit it; Walkley was sobered by it into English. And yet it was, exteriorly, nothing more than a portrait of a dictatorial and rather boorish professor, with a snuff-coloured beard and sagging belly. Stevenson says of a novel by Dumas that nowhere is the end of life presented with so fine a tact. But then he had not seen Lucien Guitry grow old. I make no apology for an excuse to write about a play we may not see again. I content myself with quoting from a poem by Humbert Wolfe:—

That was the thing to say, and it is said now.

AND now comes such an obvious winner that the critic can write what he likes about it without fear of damning it. This is *Along Came Jones* (Odeon). All about one Melody Jones who dares to shoot it out with the West's toughest killer for the heart of the killer's girl. Says the killer to the lady: "You'd better not be up to nuthin with that guy or I'll blast his belly open." Whether the author of the story was suffering from senile decay or infantilism I cannot decide. Here is the story, or rather a bit of it. I quote from my old friend Synopsis.

"Riding through the cattle country of the Southwest, Melody Jones (Gary Cooper) and his saddle-pal, George Fury (William Demarest), reach the little town of Payneville. Melody is a carefree cowboy who has the distinction of being the worst shot in the district—which doesn't keep him from hoping that some day he'll be recognized as an important citizen. George, however, takes a pessimistic view of this ambition.

"To the vast surprise of both men, Payneville treats Melody with exaggerated respect. It mistakes him for Monte Jarrad (Dan Duryea), a vicious and deadly outlaw who, wounded, is hiding on the DeLongpre ranch. Only the quick thinking of pretty Cherry DeLongpre (Loretta Young) saves Melody from being shot from ambush.

"Cherry, a childhood friend of Jarrad,"—what the picture really means is that she is his moll—"escorts Melody and George out of town and urges them to make for the Texas border, expecting a Sheriff's posse will follow them and give Jarrad a clear track to escape in the other direction. Melody shrewdly suspects her purpose and, moved by a quixotic impulse to help her, deliberately goes back to Payneville to carry on the impersonation, despite George's protests. Cherry confers with Jarrad who is suspicious of her interest in the stranger and threatens to blast him if he catches him.

Melody's impersonation doesn't fool Jarrad's friends . . ."

And there, I stopped. You can't fool some film critics all of the time. I am bored with belly-blasting, and tired of Gary Cooper looking Sophoclean about nothing. Full marks, however, to Loretta for getting through this rubbish without being sick!

WONDERING whether *The Seventh Veil* could be as imbecile as I took it to be, I went and saw it again. (There's conscientiousness for you!) As a result of that second visit I withdraw the statement that Francesca ends the Rachmaninoff Concerto with the first movement. What she does is to condense the concerto into one movement, telescoping the beginning and the end, and omitting the adagio! I now read that Miss Todd has been given a £200,000 contract to make fourteen pictures, six of which will be produced by Mr. Sydney Box. Let me make Mr. Box a present of an idea. Why not make Miss Todd an opera singer who has studied at Pittsburgh Conservatoire under Sinatra? Penny Piggott makes her début as Isolda at Covent Garden. She appears on that poop, and within three minutes has taken the love-potion, married, committed adultery, and died over the body of Tristan. The love duet? She sings this all by herself to the words:—

Moon is shining,
Love is pining . . .

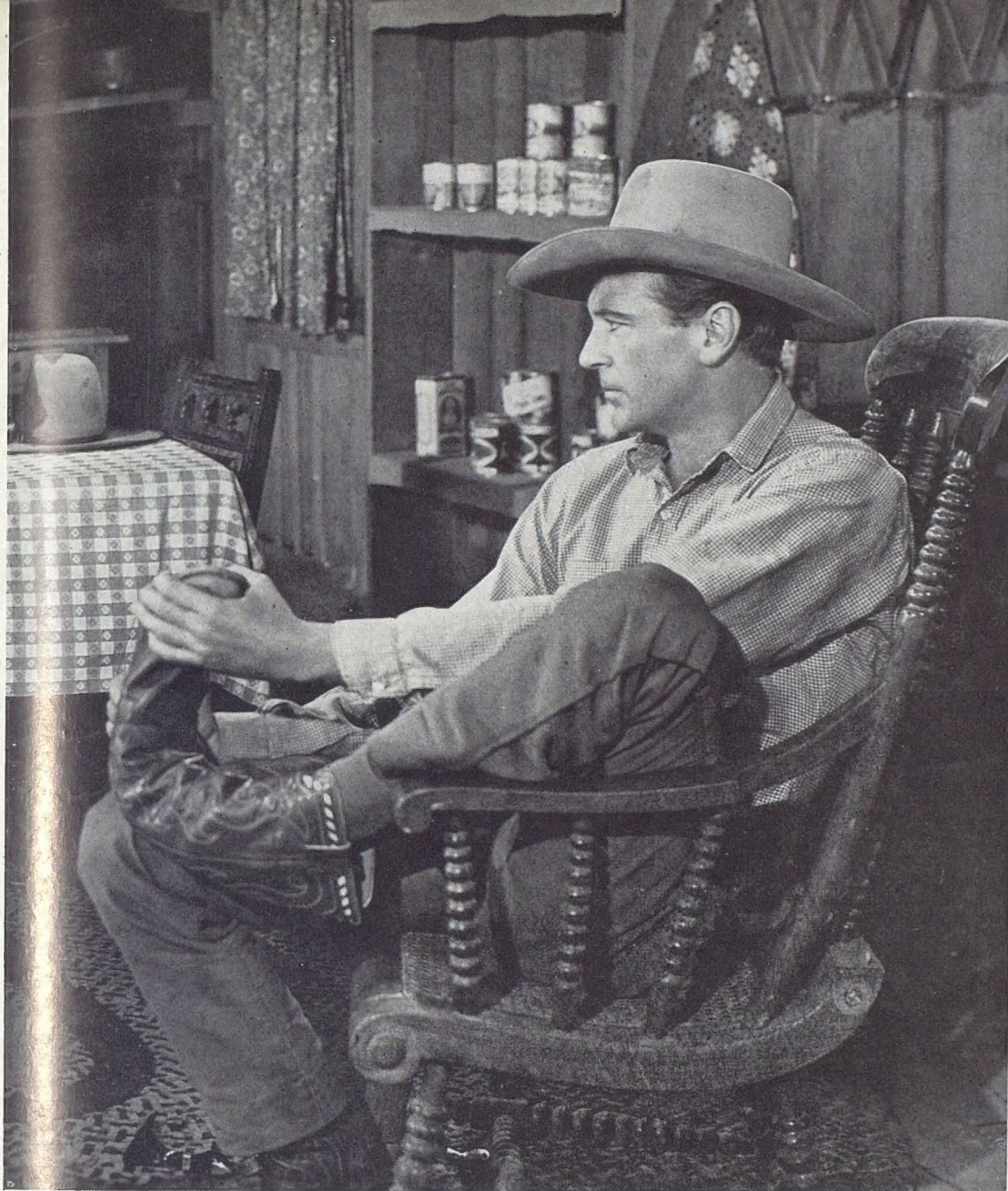


"Be reasonable, Mr. Brewster. I'm sure Mrs. Brewster is an excellent wife, but we can't accept her as security!"

Wild Westerner
for Gary Cooper in

"Along Came Jones"

● Melody Jones is a carefree cowboy who has the distinction of being the worst shot in the district. With his friend, George, he reaches the town of Payneville and is mistaken for a famous killer, Monte Jarrad, who is wounded and in hiding. Cherry, a childhood friend of Jarrad's, uses Melody as a dupe to throw the Sheriff's men off the killer, but finally falls in love with Melody herself. Owing to circumstances Melody goes on impersonating Jarrad, finds some of his stolen loot and nearly gets himself killed for his pains. After several fights and shootings, Melody is saved by Cherry, who shoots Monte herself and the two are all set to be happy ever after



Gary Cooper as Melody Jones



Dan Duryea as Monte Jarrad



Loretta Young as Cherry DeLongpre

The Theatre

"Fine Feathers" (Prince of Wales)

ECONOMY is doing without something you want in case you may some day want something which you probably won't get. The man who said that lived at a time when there was some choice in the matter: you could, if you wished, choose not to be ruined; and the taking thing about Mr. Robert Nesbitt's new revue is the brave pretence it makes that we live in a world where outrageous extravagance is still possible. It is a cheerful protest against the present dismal age of utility and coupons.

Perhaps Mr. Slade Lucas's costumes are not in fact the costly fantasies they seem; yet the plumed and high-heeled ladies have the air of wearing practically nothing, and that used to be one of the most expensive ways of dressing. The *décor* by Mr. Alec Shanks is not a shade less splendid: his mirrors would reject with glittering indignation the image of him who passes for the well-dressed man of today. And how stimulating to hug the illusion for an hour or two that there are some people, and not so very few, who can live and move and have their being in a world *de luxe*, where there are always palms and mirrors and ladies taking off expensive cloaks in front of them, and gentlemen with just those trousers and hats and cigarettes you used to see in the tailors' advertisements, and there is no need for rest-

aurants to make believe that the five shilling dinner costs less than £2 10s. We have come to the time when a little judicious glossiness is positively refreshing.

Mr. Nesbitt's brave pretence goes beyond the costumes and the *décor*. He has Mr. Jack Buchanan, than whom no one could be glossier, weaving his ageless charm in that rhythm which depends so little on content of any sort that it might almost be given the highbrow classification of "abstract." To see him at it, observing with what neat finality he has perfected the art of doing nothing in particular and of being the well-dressed man about town, is to be given a composite impression, as it were, of all the glittering revues he has led when he and we were a great deal younger and could, if the mood took us that way, cock a snook at Economy. Mr. Buchanan has very little to do, though he is never long absent from the stage, but what he does is exquisitely in character. Naturally his best song, because his most heartfelt, is that in which he makes a



Ethel Revnell and Douglas Wakefield bring an up-to-date flavour into the relationship between Charles II and Nell of Old Drury as she passes the monarch a couple of oranges from under the counter

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Jack Buchanan and Ethel Revnell make a somewhat eccentric father and child in "Baby Mine"

wistful appeal for the liberation of London, and he is very amusingly himself as a sahib in the back o' beyond urging a weaker brother not to let down their Academy for Young Gentlemen by marrying out of his colour. His arguments are unavailing, but fortunately he carries with him a box full of old school ties, at sight of which the weaker brother bursts into tears and promises to be a better man.

By no means all of this revue is an appeal to nostalgia. Miss Ethel Revnell lives with romping wholeheartedness in the immediate present. She is as little afraid of being ludicrous as the great Nellie Wallace herself. She burlesques Mistinguette, Nell Gwynn, a baby in a pen, and a provincial Queen of Glamour; she is as various as the inventiveness of her sketch writers will let her be, shying at nothing from the shrillest falsetto to the deepest bass and greatly pleasing the audience with her dynamic variations on the joke of being lanky and gawky and gloriously uninhibited. One would have said there were no limits to her powers, but she tries to get Mr. Buchanan to romp with her, and here the limits are clearly marked. Mr. Buchanan is amused; there is something quizzical in his detachment; but he does not romp. But Mr. Douglas Wakefield is completely at her mercy, and she is merciless.

"For Crying Out Loud" (Stoll)

NERVO and KNOX—those friendly souls—are still bobbing about at the Stoll, touching with "craziness" a programme which is in part a variety show and in part a revue. It is an entertainment which suffers from imperfect circulation, working up now and then to genuine liveliness, but really rather short of ideas. Without ideas—exuberant, spontaneous, novel ideas—"craziness" is a somewhat dull routine, nobody concentrating his fun because everybody is supposed to be improvising. But Nervo and Knox are radiantly happy and they contrive somehow to communicate the sensation. There is Mr. Will Hay in one of his familiar but still welcome school scenes, with Dr. Muffin breaking his mind on one polysyllabic, one excessively smart and one blandly dumb pupil. And for background there is a lively chorus to support the graceful dancing of Lamar and Rosita.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Countess Fitzwilliam was talking to Mr. John Davis, both of whom appeared to have seen something amusing in the crowded foyer



Earl Fitzwilliam, who is well known in the racing world, was caught by the camera in a serious mood

London Film Premiere

Of "The Road to Utopia"

● The Premiere of the film *The Road to Utopia*, which was held in aid of the Stage Door Canteen, drew a large Anglo-American audience to the Carlton Theatre. The film is the latest edition of that inimitable Bob Hope, Bing Crosby and Dorothy Lamour series which has been delighting the people of both Britain and America for some time past



Cdr. Woodward, U.S. Navy, was escorting Mrs. Norton-Griffiths, who is the widow of the late Capt. Michael Norton-Griffiths, killed in action in 1940



A cheerful trio on their way in to see the film were Mrs. Charles Dickson, who was on the Voluntary Workers' Committee, Colonel l'Hopital and Marie Stewart



Mr. and Mrs. David Rose were being highly amused by what Lady Cunliffe-Owen, wife of Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, had to say to them



Lady Peel, who is so well known to theatregoers as Beatrice Lillie, Lieut. T. Rousseau, and Capt. A. Menzies were in their seats in plenty of time for the show

A SOCIAL DIARY

*This Week
in London*

Nov. 1.

*Mrs. Attlee, Guest of
Honour at the Overseas
League Fork Luncheon,
1 o'clock.*

Nov. 2.

*Queen Charlotte's
Autumn Ball -
Grosvenor House.*

Nov. 6.

*Field Marshal Sir
Harold Alexander,
Canada's Governor
General Designate,
Guest of Honour at
Allies Welcome
Committee, Dorchester.*

Christmas Plans

THERE is to be no Royal pantomime this year. Mr. Tanner, head of the Royal Schools in Windsor Great Park, is far from well, and in his absence from duty the two Princesses have decided that a pantomime is out of the question. They are trying to think out a scheme for some substitute entertainment, but up to the time of going to Press no definite plans have been made.

The pantomime, which for the past few years has been staged so cleverly and provided such grand entertainment for members of the Royal Household and their friends, will be sadly missed.

Another decision which has not yet been made is whether or not His Majesty will broadcast on Christmas Day. Before the war the King made clear that he did not wish to follow the practice of regular Christmas broadcasts, feeling that this was too closely and personally associated in the public memory with his father. But war conditions forced a change of plan, and His Majesty has now to decide whether to continue his Christmas messages or to take the opportunity of breaking the custom.

Sailors' Film

HIS MAJESTY QUEEN MARY honoured the British Sailors' Society with her presence at the first showing of their appeal film *Sailors Do Care*, shown in the private theatre of Gaumont-British Corporation at Film House. The Marquess of Donegall, who was at one time an official war correspondent with the Navy, appears in the film. He is the commentator and makes the appeal. The film was produced for the British Sailors' Society by G.-B. Instructional Ltd. and brilliantly shows some aspects of the work carried out by this world-famous society. Queen Mary, who was wearing a lovely shade of turquoise blue, was accompanied by Princess Alice (Countess of Athlone) and Major-Gen. the Earl of Athlone, who are over here on a short holiday before returning to Canada for the Earl to complete his duties as Governor-General.

On her arrival at Film House, Queen Mary was met by Mr. Arthur Rank, and among those presented to Her Majesty were Miss Mary Field, director of G.-B. Instructional, Sir Frederick Sykes, who is the hon. treasurer of the British Sailors' Society, Mr. Herbert Barker, the Marchioness of Donegall and her mother-in-law, Lady Constance Butler, Lady Leathers, the Hon. Mabel Strickland (Editor of *The Times of Malta*, where she lived and worked so courageously through the siege, and who takes a great interest in the Society's work), Lady Suenson Taylor, Mrs. Rex Benson (wearing her uniform of the British War Relief Organisation), Mr. Farrow and Mr. Mark Ostrer.

Stage Door Canteen Premiere

THERE were many well-known personalities of the racing world among the audience at the premiere of the *Road to Utopia*, at the Carlton Theatre. This was not surprising, as chairman of the premiere committee was the Countess Fitzwilliam, with Lady Willoughby de Broke as the deputy-chairman. Among the vice-chairmen were Lady Stanley of Alderley and Mrs. Stanhope Joel, while the hon. treasurer was Sir Eric Ohlson, owner of this year's Derby winner, Dante. They all persuaded many of their friends to take tickets, thus ensuring a tremendous success and the splendid sum of over £3000 for the Stage Door Canteen.

This now-famous canteen, which entertains many hundreds of men and women in the Forces nightly, needs funds to carry on for at least another six months. The organisers had not budgeted to carry on for long after the war was ended, but the controller, Mr. Frank Covell, has had so many letters from Service men and women

all over the world saying how much they have heard about the Stage Door Canteen from their friends who have been there, and "please keep going until they come home to enjoy it too!" that the committee, under the presidency of the Dowager Marchioness of Townshend, decided not to close it this year anyway.

The Countess Fitzwilliam went on to the stage before the picture started and made an excellent short speech. In the audience were Mr. Arthur and the Hon. Mrs. Rank, Prince and Princess Aly Khan, with a large party of friends; Sir Melville and Lady Ward, Sir Hugo and Lady Cunliffe-Owen, Lady Stanley of Alderley, warmly wrapped in a mink coat; Mr. and Mrs. Eveleigh Nash with Lady Collins, Mr. Frank Covell, Lady Newborough, W/Cdr. Woolf Barnato, the Countess of Middleton, Mrs. William Findlay, Lady Waldie Griffiths, Sir Francis and Lady Towle, Mrs. Miller Munday, Lord McGowan and the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava.

The Green Room Rag

THE Green Room Society held its first post-war rag at the Saville Theatre. Put on twice yearly in peacetime, the Rags could almost be called amateur theatricals produced by professionals. They are hilarious affairs played to an audience comprised almost entirely of actors and club members. Commencing with a prologue spoken by the well-known author and playwright, Clifford Bax, the latest edition of the Rag was a riot of wit and moments of quite impromptu fun. Among the host of celebrated and talented artists taking part were Naughton Wayne, Joyce Grenfell, Flanagan and Allen and Richard Murdoch. Hugh Williams, who was the Chief Rag-Picker, brought his lovely actress wife, Margaret Vyner, and with them were Major Tommy and Lady Elizabeth Clyde. Lady Elizabeth is the Duke of Wellington's only daughter, and has been living at Dorney, in Buckinghamshire, near where the Hugh Williams have their home. Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Arthur Tedder, who succeeds Lord Portal of Hungerford as Chief of the Air Staff, and First and Senior Air Member of the Air Council, was in the audience, and came in for some of W/Cdrs. Richard Murdoch and Kenneth Horne's good-natured humour.

News from Scotland

LADY MUIR, the popular chatelaine of Blair Drummond, near Stirling, is expected in London very shortly on her way to Switzerland, where she is going to see her mother, Mme. Stancioff, the widow of the former Bulgarian Minister to London, whom she has not seen for more than four years.

Blair Drummond is still being used as a hospital, and men from the Far East needing rehabilitation and rest are staying there regaining their health and strength in the stimulating Scottish air. Lord Younger's Leckie, next door, is being used for the same purpose, but Keir is closed.

Lady Muir's sister, Mme. Guépin, has arrived at Blair on a visit from the U.S.A. with her two little girls. Friends who have been staying there to meet her have included Lord Killearn, the Belgian Ambassador Baron Cartier de Marchienne, and Col. and Mrs. Arthur McGrath. There has been no shooting to speak of, but the most glorious weather since April that Scotland has known for a decade.

Lord Mar and Kellie has had family gatherings at Alloa House, which have included his sons, Lord Erskine and the Hon. Francis Erskine, each with their wives, and the last with their two attractive daughters. Sir William Erskine, too, who is Lord Mar's brother, was another guest at Alloa.

(Concluded on page 152)



Something to Smile About: Lieut. C. Petherick, Capt. E. Lloyd, Miss June Keppel and the Hon. Patricia Stourton, who is the only daughter of Lord Mowbray, the Premier Baron of England, were finding the evening amusing

Personalities at the Ball

In Aid of the Airborne Forces Security Fund

● A very successful ball was held recently at Grosvenor House in aid of the Airborne Forces Security Fund. In the words of General Browning, one of the patrons: "The existence of this Fund and the help it has given added to the high morale with which the troops went into battle." The other two patrons of the Fund are Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten and Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery. Quite a number of people came up from the country for the ball, and the chairman, Countess De La Warr, who had put in a lot of hard work to make the evening a success, was there with her husband, Earl De La Warr, and her son, Lord Buckhurst

Photographs by Swaebe



On Their Way to the Dance Floor: Capt. Lord Buckhurst, Lord De La Warr's son and heir, who is in the Parachute Regiment, escorted Miss Mollie Abel Smith



Cocktails for Two: The Marquess of Willingdon, who was in very good form, brought the Marchioness of Willingdon (the former Daphne Caldwell), whom he married in 1943

Russian Artiste

Tamara Khanum, Singer
and National Dancer



Deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the Uzbek S.S.R. She Receives Scores of Letters

● Tamara Khanum, the inimitable artiste who performs the songs and dances of thirty of the nationalities in the Soviet Union, is extremely popular, and never fails to draw a large audience. Born in Baku, where her father was a worker, she appeared for the first time in public in 1919, when she took part in a festival held in Margelan. For some years following this she appeared in various ballets at the Tashkent Theatre, and has been connected throughout her training with the First Uzbek Ethnographic Ensemble, directed by Kari Yakubov, and was the leading actress in it. Her repertoire is large; the programme for each concert includes about twenty-five songs and dances, performed with great finish, yet retaining their essentially national qualities.

In 1935 Tamara Khanum took part in the International Dance Festival in London, where she demonstrated to the foreign theatre-goer the beauty and art of the Uzbek national dance. She was awarded a medal by the International Committee of Judges. At present she is preparing Polish, Arabic and Turkish dances, and soon expects to take up the dances of the peoples of the Baltic Republics. Tamara Khanum's stage costumes form an ethnographical museum in themselves. They are copies of authentic costumes of different nationalities at various periods in history, and she makes a study of the original and period of each one. One of the most popular women in the Uzbek Republic, she was elected by the people as their deputy

Photographs by Pictorial Press



An Exotic Dance of Ancient Bokhara



In a Jewish Dance



Alive and Sparkling in Uzbek Costume, Tamara Sings and Dances the National Songs of Her Native Land

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

CHAPS have already begun, we observe from a recent *Times* advertisement, to write regimental histories of World War II. And as in 1919, they are asking for the loan of any letters, diaries or other private material which will assist them.

We forget which pessimistic military authority pointed out that these data are generally about as useful for historical purposes as dandruff, since no decent chap keeping a diary in the field lets his own mob down. Any flop is the fault of one or both units on the flanks, or of the Staff, or of half-a-dozen other dumbos. Hence documents of this kind (this authority implied) are often as valuable as guides to tactics and strategy as those memoirs of the Peninsular War which, as Fortescue said, were taken down in Chelsea pubs from the lips of merry old soldiers by red-nosed gentlemen of the literary profession, for the price of a couple of pints.

If we were writing a regimental history we would boldly admit this noble trait in the licentious soldiery and print their letters and diaries just the same, with sympathetic footnotes. E.g.:

1. Good old Stinker! One of the best!
2. Played, Loopy! To hell with 'em, anyway!
3. Listen, public, any mewing noises from you over this grand piece by Reggie and the author of this book will call personally and knock your block off.

Maybe Cæsar's Commentaries could have done with a few annotations of this kind. You don't catch Cæsar jotting down: "Owing to my lousy negligence in throwing out scouts the Allobrigii put it across us," etc., etc. You don't find Cæsar blaming anybody for anything, in fact. He probably left the real sticky bits out, which is the best way of all.



"It's no use, I can't keep it up!"

Nuttery

HALFWITTED some 50 per cent. of current crime-mystery novels may well be, as a sourpuss critic recently asserted. But let us admit that no fiction boy or girl has ever thought up anything so completely nuts as the actual, historic, still-unsolved mystery called the Campden Wonder.

Consider that one early August evening in 1660 an old gentleman of 70 named William Harrison, steward to Viscountess Campden, of Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire, vanishes within a mile of his house after collecting some rents. Consider that his damaged hat, broken comb, and bloody neckband are found close by. Consider that his servant, Perry, arrested in due course on suspicion, accuses his own mother and brother—as an eyewitness—of murdering old Mr. Harrison, on which charge all three are subsequently hanged. Consider, finally, that a couple of years after the Perrys have swung old Mr. Harrison turns up again, bland and dignified, with a marvellous tale of being wounded and abducted by three horsemen, shipped abroad at Deal, and sold into slavery in Turkey. We've skipped a few minor elements in the story, all equally fantastic, including one concerning a Turkish doctor practising at Crowland in Lincolnshire.

Footnote

MANY criminologists have toiled to find some clue to this Cotswold imbroglio. Andrew Lang got near it, possibly, with a theory that Mr. Harrison, an aged Puritan liar, may have been temporarily hidden away by somebody in the neighbourhood for political reasons connected with the recent Restoration. This doesn't explain the "Perry angle," as the film racket would call it, the Turkish story, or half-a-dozen others. One is forced to admit that in the matter of the Campden Wonder Life has the Art boys gasping and groggy, the poor old limping haybag.

Investment

LITTLE did the bitterly-wronged Katherine of Aragon imagine, when she sat down on October 8, 1529, to write to the Cardinal of Santa Cruz, urging that her divorce-proceedings should on no account be dealt with by docile English judges, that 416 years later Sotheby's would be selling this very letter for £360, in the presence of a lot of chaps in bowler hats.

Whenever a private letter by some historic personage gets into a modern auction-room we feel that if he (she) had been able to foresee its fate, she (he) would have written it quite differently. Especially in the Victorian period, when the big boys were growing aware that letters may become a valuable property. We can see a very affecting occasion or two; for example, a stern, grave, eminent Cabinet Minister summoning his children into the Gothic library one morning and holding up a newly-written letter.

"You will observe, Amelia, that this letter, with my seal, and in my wellknown autograph, is directed to La Belle Coralie of the Italian Opera, whom I designate as 'Ipsy-Bipsy,' signing myself 'Yours till death, Woofle-Boofle.'"

"Oh, Papa! This is terrible!" (Here Augusta swoons.)

"Terrible my left foot, Caroline! I have sacrificed myself deliberately, in order to provide your halfwitted offspring, if and when, with a competency."

"Pray elucidate, dear Papa!"

"Fifty years hence, Grandison, this letter will fetch at least 500 smackers at Sotheby's, I am credibly informed by a dealer named Dusty Joe, who is a king-pin of the racket."

"Papa!"

(Here hands are clapped. An informal quadrille follows.)

Such self-sacrifice by a high Victorian personage was notably rare, by all appearances. But how do you know what family solicitors hoarded in those black tin boxes?

Fan

OLD Mrs. Rönnbäck of Stockholm, who shyly divulged to one of Auntie *Times*'s boys that she has been ("so far") to the Opera 7000 times, reminds one inevitably of a pleasing exchange in a current West End revue where a lovesick Guardee says to a leading lady: "I've seen your show fifty times! I'd go through hell for you!" and the charmer replies pensively: "If you've seen this show fifty times you've been through hell."

Opera is different. Large areas of Wagner's *Ring*, for example, create odd illusions of having been in your stall for twenty years, when you've actually been there only fifteen. Wherever you slice the *Ring*, moreover, it's a stout angry lady bellowing "*Uebergerungsschlaffengeraucht aus dem Kräufgehangen hinaus!*" at a bandy-legged tenor. So it may only have seemed 7000 times to old Mrs. Rönnbäck.

Ordeal

JOCKEYS have such a frightful life, tottering round on their tiny spindly legs and living on warm castor-oil and thin dry toast, that to find one still alive and able to sit a horse at 75—we refer to Mr. Frank Simpson, who wanted to ride in the Newmarket Town Plate and maybe did—is an agreeable surprise indeed.

Possibly if jockeys all lived to 75 their published memoirs would be less agonisingly dull. We've devoured a great many of these, owing to a kind of fatal masochism. One of the great American jockeys is our favourite, so far. The way that middleaged boy manages to dodge anything even vaguely interesting is nothing short of miraculous. Yet Life handed him more adventures than one.

In 1901 the Jockey Club revoked his licence, and in 1903, while travelling from Paris to Chantilly in an open car one cold day, he gave up his front seat to a lady, had to sit at the back, and was quite "frozen," as he admits himself. Even this relative high-spot doesn't seem anything much to our hero, yet what Somerset Maugham would have made of it—the snorting Panhard engine, the rushing wind, the lady in her floppy hat, veil, and balloon sleeves, the bits of pregnant Maughamesque dialogue flying back and forth:

"Are you all right?"

"Yeah, I'm all right."

"Not too cold?"

"No, I'm all right."

"What?"

"I said 'I'm all right.'"

"I'm so glad. Cold, isn't it?"

"What's that?"

"I said 'Cold, isn't it?'"

"Oh, sure. It's cold all right."

"It certainly is."

"Yeah."

"What's that?" (etc., etc.).



Cable Operations : By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

The laying and picking up of a submarine cable is a tricky business. The cable, which may lie as much as three or four miles below the surface of the ocean, is a surprisingly small thing made of copper wire covered with gutta-percha for insulation. Trouble may be caused by a ship's anchor, by a kink in the cable or by earthquake under the ocean bed. Whatever the cause, it's the cable ship's job to locate the fault and put it right. Delicate instruments are used to trace the trouble, then a grapnel is dropped and the cable hauled above water. As it breaks surface, men have to go over the side in bosun's chairs to fix stoppers. In heavy weather you can imagine it's not so pleasant going over the side—especially in southern latitudes, where if you look down at the water you may see a dark shadow below you—a shark waiting for its prey. The cable breaking surface in this instance has fouled a shark, which has, in turn, upset the ship's boat with a swish of its tail

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

A Night at the Theatre

DO.A.H. A really satisfying evening at the theatre is so rare an occurrence that you must forgive me if I seem boastful about the one I spent at the Théâtre Montparnasse. Boastful is not quite the right word, but let it stand, since a great part of the appreciation and pleasure one feels at any entertainment depends upon one's own state of mind . . . and body!

I was in the agreeable mood induced by several days' perfect rest following long weeks of physical strain. I had a charming companion. My seats were in the third row of the stalls on the gangway, and I was about to see Marguerite Jamois in Gaston Baty's production of *Lorenzaccio*.

I have a great fondness for the old-fashioned, somewhat gloomy Montparnasse theatre, where, when my seats were at the back of the stalls behind one of the iron pillars that hold up the dress circle, I had the impression that I was in the pit of a London theatre. It is situated on the left bank and the nearest Metro is at the Montparnasse station, so that one has to go up the steep rue de la Gaité, cutting across the Edgar Quinet market under the towering walls of the Montparnasse cemetery, where, after a climb in semi-darkness, one emerges into the glare of a small Broadway. "Gaiety Street" it is rightly called, with its numerous cinemas, its cafés, music-halls and Palais de Danse out-rivalling each other with their Neon signs. The gaily-decorated oyster bars are now open also, and the pancake stalls with pancakes made of ersatz eggs and butter but nevertheless filling an aching void. The hot-chestnut merchants catch and reflect the multi-coloured lights in the brilliantly polished brasses of their charcoal stoves. *Query: Where, oh where, do they get the charcoal?*

A répétition générale at the Théâtre Montparnasse brings forth all the critics. Unfortunately we old 'uns are rather overwhelmed by them. It is difficult to pick out the unknown pen wielders of some forty new "dailies" and almost 200 "weeklies" from the rest of the ayants droits. Thank the Lord for such survivors of the old régime as Robert Kemp, the eminent critic of *Le Monde*—as *le Temps* is now called; for André Warnod, of the *Figaro*, and Edmond See, who is still president of the

Association de la Critique, but who now writes for a radio paper, as the *Œuvre* has ceased to appear. We long for the return of Pierre Brissot, of Lucien Descaves, and so many others.

AMONGST the familiar faces that are missing there is one who has left us for always, and whom we deeply mourn. Percy Mitchell, of the *Paris Daily Mail*, who was such a helpful guide to innumerable Anglo-French theatre-goers and such a dear friend to all who knew him. He was born in the North of England, but was of Irish extraction. He came abroad when he was very young and passed more than fifty years of his life on the Continent. He died, during Occupation, at Royat, where he had been living with his wife, en résidence forcée, since June 1940, when he was obliged to leave Paris. He was over eighty, and for many years had been the Grand Old Man amongst the dramatic critics of Paris.

Few people knew that he began his career as a violinist. He was one of Ysaye's favourite pupils and took a premier prix at the Brussels Conservatoire. While on a concert tour in Canada and the United States he began to write music criticisms for the *New York Herald*. Gordon Bennet noticed his articles, and when he returned home he was invited to join the staff of the *Paris Herald*. During the Hispano-American and Balkan Wars he was war correspondent. After Gordon Bennet's death in 1918, Percy Mitchell became manager of the paper and took a very strong stand during the Peace talks of 1919, urging that the strongest measures be taken to keep Germany in its proper place.

For his services to France and Belgium he was given the Légion d'Honneur and made an officer of the Couronne de Belgique. He married a charming French girl, Mlle. de la Blanchetais. They had one daughter, who has turned out to be a very brilliant young woman. She took up law and has specialised in international questions and comparative legislation, and has been teaching English terminology at the Paris Law Faculty. She has the same Irish blue eyes and fair English complexion as her father. In the theatre she was seated not far from me, and in the darkened house



Brodrick Vernon

A Versatile Writer

Mr. John Lehmann is well known as a poet, critic of life and letters, novelist and traveller. His main study now is of the gifted young writers, particularly in England and on the Continent, whose works, because they reflect a deep social and political conscience, may become the classics of after-ages. As editor of "New Writing," he has especially done a great deal to encourage new talent

it seemed almost as if my old friend was still with us.

PERCY MITCHELL would have enjoyed this production. Gaston Baty is always inclined to exaggerate the importance of decor and to take amazing liberties with the text, but to play *Lorenzaccio* in extenso would be an almost impossible task, taking two evenings for its accomplishment. Alfred de Musset finished writing the tragedy in 1834, but it was only in 1863 that Paul de Musset arranged and curtailed the text for production at the Odéon. It was banned, however, by the Imperial censorship.

Later, in 1896, Armand d'Artois arranged a version in thirty-nine tableaux for Sarah Bernhardt. Later still, a production, at the Comédie Française, gave only the most important scenes, creating the clumsy, halting effect of a series of unrelated "readings." Baty also has respected all the principal tableaux, but he has linked them together by condensing and amalgamating the less important scenes, so that the action of the drama is unbroken and rises crescendo to its climax.

There is no scenery, as scenery is usually understood. There are no footlights. Black velvet stairs and curtains. Lighting effects from the wings, the flies and the back of the house, bringing into relief, as occasion demands, the brilliant colouring of a dish of fruit, a noble piece of Renaissance furniture, a beautiful tapestry, while, dominating the evening, Marguerite Jamois, who has so often been mis-cast since *Maya*, very perfectly was, physically and spiritually, the morbid young débauché, "ce lendemain d'orgie ambulante."

PRISCILLA.



A Sailing Holiday in Brittany

Mlle. Nicole André has been enjoying a well-earned holiday at that world-famed resort of sailing enthusiasts, the coast of Brittany. She is Commandant of the A.S.A. Ambulance Corps, and has been awarded the Croix de Guerre for her magnificent war work



Soft Lights and Sweet Music: Ambrose and His Band

Personalities Around Town

Who Were Dining à Deux

Photographs at Ciro's by Swaebe



A Sofa Table Tête-à-Tête: The Hon. Lydia Noel-Buxton, Lord Noel-Buxton's eldest daughter, and Lieut. Tuck, Scots Guards



Smiling M.P. Dines Out: Mrs. John Lawson and G/Capt. the Hon. George Ward, brother of the Earl of Dudley and Conservative Member for Worcester



Two Pensive People: The Hon. Hugh Frazer, Lord Lovat's only brother, and Lady Stanley of Alderley, the former Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks



Can I Give You a Light? The Duchess of Westminster, who was formerly the Hon. Loelia Mary Ponsonby, and sister of Lord Sysonby, with Mr. Vivian Cornelius



1, New Oxford Street.

Here is Elegance - moulded in fashion, Shaped in beauty.
Here is the art of the masterhand generously poured
out in every cunning fold - a dress for the few to
win the admiration of the crowd.

See how the naive simplicity of the "little girl"
cap-sleeves sets off the sleek, suave
sophistication of the "line". See how the
folds twist and turn at the whim of the
creator. Note the skilful disappearance
of all fullness in the Panelled front.
Not for you and I perhaps a dress like this -
no good approaching the little woman round
the corner with such a design. Of such
things our dreams are made - Perhaps
our husbands' nightmares. But sometimes,
somewhere, someone will be wearing it -
on some great occasion far from all
thoughts of war and aftermath of war.
We give it to you - a presage of good
things to come.

It's lovely - don't you agree?

29th October, 1945.

Jean Loiner.



The Jockey's Valet : Ernest Hales



The Saddler : Frank Cooper

Backroom Boys of Britain's Racing Headquarters

Newmarket is One of the Most Renowned Centres of Horse-Racing in the World, and There are a Great Many Important People Behind the Scene Who Never Hit the Headlines



The Astley Institute for Potential Jockeys Run by R. Taylor



The Blacksmith : E. Wooton

By "Sabretache"

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

H.H.'s Diamond Jubilee

THE Highness concerned is our familiar, and cultured, friend the Aga Khan, famous in at least four lands as one of the most prominent owners and breeders of bloodstock in an epoch. His Highness is likewise celebrated as one of the world's best bridge-players; and he is likewise tremendously well-read. The Turf, incidentally, is merely secondary in his preoccupations and claims to high distinction, for he is the head of that ancient sect, the Ismaili Mohammedans, and upon the auspicious occasion of his diamond jubilee, dated for next year—at Dar-es-Salaam, the seaport and capital of what was once German East Africa, his faithful adherents are proposing to make him a gift of his weight in diamonds. Exactly what is his Highness's walking weight has never been publicly announced, but at a venture it might be put at between 12 st. and 14 st.; anyway, this present will mean a good many diamonds. The Aga Khan is very well accustomed to the adulation of his religious followers, and I recall a story which was current in Bombay in those happy times beyond recall when, amongst others, H.H.'s kinsman Shamsheerdin Shah was one of the most popular personalities on the Turf of Western India, that the followers of Mohomet's cousin Ali willingly paid the rupee equivalent of 1s. 9d. for a bottle of his bath water (I think). Ali, the original Ismaili (A.D. 770), was claimed to be greater in eminence even than The Prophet himself, and to be the source from which a Mahdi, or Messiah, should spring. Mohammed Ahmed may ring a bell in the memory of anyone who knows his Sudân history. Omdurman may offer a clue.

"The Old Man of the Mountains"

HASAN-AL-SABBÂH was the name, and he was the first head of the Persian sect of the Ismaili, a collection of very warlike and bloodthirsty gentlemen, who have been called ere now The Tribe of the Assassins. Hasan-al-Sabbâh's very name is said by some to have lengthened down to us as the synonym for murder. Other people dispute this, and say that our word "assassin" derives from hashish, the opiate of the hemp leaf, guaranteed to work the drinker up to any frenzied performance! Whichever way it is, Hasan was a very definite annoyance to the Crusaders, *temp.* Godefroi de Beuillon, and his castle of Alamût, in the craggy mountains south of the Caspian, was far more impregnable than ever was the

Berchtesgaden Eagle's Nest. Neither aeroplanes nor atomic bombs had even been thought of in The Old Man's days, and some do say that only an earthquake or a volcanic eruption could have winkled him out of Alamût. He was probably the best guerilla warrior of all time, and he was a great friend of one Omar Khayyâm.

"The Long Dart"

ALTHOUGH only a comparatively small percentage of the pilgrims to Racing G.H.Q. on Cesarewitch day heard the sound of the pipers' tune, winners and losers alike saw a great battle fought out right back to the ropes with no one, excepting the man in the box, certain as to what had won until the numbers went up. Even so, plenty of people were quite sure that the official was wrong, and that the lightly-weighted Lady Crusader and not Kerry Piper had won. This optical delusion is not new. It is only the judge who can know, for all the rest of us are bound to suffer from an angle of some sort, and it is, therefore, always somewhat venturesome to criticise the official. It is a most fashionable pastime when there is a bustling finish like this—a very short head—no daylight between the second and third, and the fourth and fifth close up. Those fond of mechanical contrivances say, very naturally, that here was concrete proof of the necessity for the "camera judge," so successfully tested in America. This, of course, is tantamount to saying that the judge on Cesarewitch day was wrong. I am content to believe that he was not. Lady Crusader was slightly in front half a furlong from home; then Kerry Piper made his attack in desperate earnest, and was seen to be travelling with that good 1, 2, 3, 4 rhythm which spells perfect balance, and I thought, even before he drew level, that he was the more likely. Kerry Piper, I observe, is alleged to have swerved when very near the winning-post. Now, when a horse does this, he usually changes his leg—i.e., if he is leading with the near one he will change to the off, and vice-versâ, and in the process lose a valuable split second of time. In things called bending races, so popular, and so useful, at gymkhanas, the rider is asked to give a display of his knowledge of the aids: body-sway, leg and rein pressure, and so forth. This is elementary, my dear Watson! The point is that in the present case Kerry Piper did not change his leg. The colours of the jackets were quite dissimilar: Kerry Piper's brown and blue

stripes; Lady Crusader's royal blue with a white sash. Mistakes are possible when colours are somewhat alike and similar in arrangement; say, for the sake of argument, green and white and blue and white hoops; but this difficulty was not present in the Cesarewitch. Whether we saw a great horse beat a great field is quite another matter. We saw a good horse, well ridden, win a good race for a good sportsman. Congratulations to Sir Hervey Bruce and all concerned! Mr. Laudator Temporis Acti, so I have always found, is apt to be a bore; so all that I propose to say is that the 1½-mile form at York on September 29th behind Sister Patricia and Collaboration did not seem quite strong enough.

Vae Victis!

UNLESS our friends "The Enemy" are very bad bookmakers, which we know full well that they are not, some of them being extremely good judges of racing, they cannot have had a bad return over the big race. Kerry Piper was no skinner for them, and there was a dropping fire for Lady Crusader, but Avoca was well backed right up to the off; there was money for Manuchehr, Paper Weight, John Peel, and quite a lot, so I heard and gathered, for Blue Smoke, both ante-post and on the course, and also at the finish plenty of it for Voluntary, who is owned by one of the world's (unacknowledged) violin virtuosi, our amusing friend Vic Oliver, and I am certain that it was a proud day for him to see that tasty yellow with red cross-belts involved in a major engagement. Avoca, I know, was much fancied by his gallant owner, Major Dermot McCalmont, who has been Master and huntsman of the Kilkenny since 1921, and used to ride a pretty good race himself in his soldiering days. Like Mr. Jinks, his sire, Avoca is a true grey; Tetratema was not, and the dear old Tetrarch was all spots. When I last saw him at Mount Juliet he was snow white, and a most beautiful picture upon which to gaze. It is probable that Avoca, winner of the Irish Oaks, prefers the emerald turf of her own land. At Newmarket there was quite a bit of bone in the ground. That elegant Blue Smoke may have found the crowd a bit rough. She had anything but a smooth passage in the Leger, and I hope her owner will reap some recompense in the Cambridgeshire with Hobo. I think he will. I never believed that Manuchehr was good enough, but was pleasantly surprised in Paper Weight, who was bang in the fighting line most of the way.



Racing at Newmarket: the Cesarewitch Won by Kerry Piper from Lady Crusader and Voluntary

"Suddenly, as
rare things will,
it vanished..."

Tatler received this
photograph from "Planet
News."

The caption read: "Mr.
R. H. Howie gets out of the
rough in good style at the
5th green during the Senior
Golfers' Society Golf Com-
petition at Stoke Poges."

Tatler asked the photo-
grapher for an explanation
of this remarkable picture.

This is what he said:
"The club moved more swiftly
than my camera. All I could
catch was a reflection on
Mr. Howie's cardigan."

To Mr. Howie: Tatler
congratulations.

Below: The Navy was well
represented in the Senior
Golfers' Tournament at Stoke
Poges. Among the competitors
was Admiral Sir Max Horton,
formerly C.-in-C. Western
Approaches (in sleeveless
pull-over at the Seventh below)



Commander R. S. St. John Holes Out at the Seventh Watched by His Admiring Rivals



Countess Fitzwilliam and Mrs. "Nicky" Morris were photographed together. Mrs. Morris is the daughter-in-law of Mr. H. E. Morris, owner of Manna, the 1925 Derby winner

Miss Violet de Trafford and Mrs. Parker Bowles, wife of Mr. Derek Parker Bowles, are two of Sir Humphrey de Trafford's four daughters. Sir Humphrey is the fourth baronet

Concentrating on marking their cards were Lady Marling, wife of Sir John Marling, 17/21st Lancers, of Mayleen Farm, Marlow, Bucks, and Mrs. Robert Ducas

Racing at Newmarket

The Cesarewitch Stakes

Fog in some districts delayed many visitors who came to see the Cesarewitch, run at Newmarket recently, and though the light was not good when the field set off, the race provided the large company with plenty of excitement. One of the most popular long-distance events decided on the flat, the Cesarewitch was won by Sir H. Bruce's Kerry Piper, from Lady Crusader and Voluntary

Photographs by Swaebe



Mr. and Mrs. Norman came together. Mr. Norman was in Russia in 1942 in the R.A.F., on the staff of the British Military Mission, and subsequently one of the first to land with the Americans on D-Day



Some of the Leading Ladies on the Turf: by "The Tout"

Mrs. Senior hails from Yorkshire. Trains with Vasey in the North and "Chub" Leach at Newmarket. Her useful stayer, Trimbush, recently ran second in the Stockton Autumn Handicap. Mrs. Evan Williams, whose husband rode Royal Mail to victory in the 1937 National, purchased the famous Kingsclere Establishment from Capt. Arnold Wills a couple of years ago. Miss Dorothy Paget keeps a fleet of horses in training on the flat and over the sticks. She will doubtless play an active part in the forthcoming jumping season. Mrs. May Harvey's smashing three-year-old, Black Peter, defeated the Leger winner, Chamossaire, in the Jockey Club Stakes at Newmarket this month. Mrs. Harvey is the mother of Mrs. Betty Lavington. Mrs. Nagle has not had the best of luck with her 15,000-guineas purchase, Carpatia, this year. Mrs. Nagle owned the 100 to 1 chance, Sandspite, runner-up to Midday Sun in the 1937 Derby. Mrs. Philip Hill owns that very good colt Mustang, who carried a big weight to victory at Newmarket in September. Miss Priscilla Bullock is Lord Derby's granddaughter. Her brilliant colt Neapolitan has won three out of five of his races and is a champion sprinter in the making

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By Elizabeth Bowen

Psycho-analyst

NOVELS introducing psycho-analysis are apt to be controversial—or, at least, to arouse combative feeling. From the hostile angle, no subject is easier to "guy"; or, equally, we may have the cautionary tale, loaded with almost hysterical prejudice. On the other hand, the believer-author tends to be over-zealous, and expects his reader to follow him, without a tremor, into the deepest waters. *Mine Own Executioner* (Collins; 8s. 6d.), the novel I have in view this week, takes its subject for granted with unusual calm. I must say that I always approach with confidence any novel of Nigel Balchin's—and this is his latest. *Mine Own Executioner* deals, I should make clear, not with psycho-analysis in general, but with a particular psycho-analyst: Felix Milne.

As a start, let me quote the wrapper's intelligent note: "Everyone nowadays has at least a smattering of knowledge of psycho-analysis, and of what it seeks to accomplish for the patient. Mr. Balchin shows that this is not the whole story. Psycho-analysis is not merely a thing like a surgical operation, which one man carries out on another, but an experience shared by analyst and patient." Throughout the story, we see how his share of the experience that each of his patients represents affects Felix Milne himself. We see him with his wife, Patricia; with his colleagues at the Norris Pile Clinic, where he gives part of his time to treatment of non-paying patients; with the private patients who come to him at his home; and with his wife's friend, the trouble-making Barbara, with whom he is on the edge of an equivocal and rather humiliating affair. And we see him at grips with his major "case"—young Adam Lucian, an ex-R.A.F. pilot, who, deranged by frightful experiences as a prisoner in the hands of the Japanese, has made attempts to kill his beloved wife. It is young Mrs. Lucian who, seeking Felix out, has persuaded him to take Adam on as a patient.

"Heal Thyself"

FELIX MILNE commands our respect and sympathy all through. No one is more aware

than himself of his occasional blind-spots and deviations. He has a good head and heart, and is no charlatan. He has—or has up to the crisis that ends the story—absolute, though never uncritical, faith in his own profession; though he has doubts, sometimes, as to his own efficacy. He is conscious that his relationship with his wife is deteriorating, and that she knows this as well as he does and suffers accordingly. Patricia (one of the best-drawn and most



City Lop and Top

Another of London's quiet corners, the churchyard of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, is to lose its green background of plane-trees, for condemned as unsafe, they are now being felled. Many City workers, accustomed to lunching in the shade of the trees in the summer, will miss the country touch they gave to one of the City's all-too-rare retreats from busy streets

likeable wives in recent fiction) does her best, makes a heart-breaking series of nervous blunders, and is almost too fair to Felix: the fault does not lie with her. Felix's refusal to take on Barbara as a patient (she has been sent to him by her bone-headed husband, Pete, who confides that he "thinks she has got a sex complex") is the beginning, rather than end, of trouble. But, of course, Adam Lucian is the test—can he be helped and cured, is Felix the man to do it, and is Felix justified in handling this tragic and dangerous case alone?

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

ONE among the saddest tragedies of our inner life is to realise at length that we can never be quite worthy of the thing we love. (And please note I have written "thing." Had I written "person," I should have had to modify the statement by declaring that many lovers on their knees have cried: "Darling! I am not good enough!", only to discover, as time marches on, that, on the whole, they have turned out considerably better!)

No. I mean the person whose soul strides abreast with the Immortals, only to discover that, dream and struggle as he may, he can't even keep the tail-end of the Procession in sight. The intense music-lover, for example, whose spirit only breathes freely in company with the Great Composers, but who, after years of intensive effort in musical composition, is known only as "the man who wrote 'The Butterflies' Picnic'"; the actress, who feels that there lies within her temperament the power to play all the parts created by Rachel, Bernhardt, Duse, even Ellen Terry, but, almost from the beginning of her career, has been cast for "chars" or standing against a painted backcloth while some man throws knives at her; the artist, who lives entirely for his art, but whose most remunerative

commission is for Christmas cards; the woman, born to be a perfect mother, who has at long last to centre her affection on a dog; the writer, who feels that he has within him the power to create a literary masterpiece if only he could get it out of his system, so to speak, but whose only chance to escape starvation is to compile yet another bedside book; the born dancer, who was also born a cripple; the adventurer, whose travels have rarely reached beyond a season ticket, Wimbledon to the Bank; the amateur student of military history, who rushed to serve his country when the hour struck and found himself immediately in the cook-house because by profession he was a librarian; the highly intellectual man who marries a fool.

One could, of course, go on enumerating examples until butter comes off the ration. And most of us, even in some small way, are victims of that secret tragedy. For, indeed, it is a tragedy to have all the urge to greatness combined with the power only to reach the second-rate. A genius may suffer—suffer acutely—but, at any rate, he finds complete

Here Mr. Balchin has struck a theme of to-day. There may be, must be, thousands of Adam Lucians in our midst, ravaged by something worse than physical injury. What is to be done for them, and how? One of Adam's obsessions—probably not a rare one—is that he will not go near a doctor. Felix Milne is not a doctor: he is a lay practitioner. He did not, that is to say, take a medical degree; but he studied for years in Vienna under the famous Loewe. There had not been time or money to do both. Both he and his colleagues at the Clinic are satisfied that he is fully equipped—though facetiously he speaks of himself as "quack." Because Felix is not a doctor, Adam Lucian will come to him for treatment, when he would consent to go to no other man. Felix Milne is young Mrs. Lucian's last hope—has he the right to reject, or later give up, the case?

He does his best, but tragedy supervenes: Felix confronts a hostile coroner's court, in what seems to be a hopelessly weak position. Home again from the inquest, Felix, "through" where everything is concerned, is found by Patricia tearing up his notes on his patients. She remonstrates; she humbly says: "Don't I give you anything?"

He said, "Give? You give me everything, but I don't give back. That's why I'm going to stop. It isn't fair. It all goes out to these people, and then I'm sucked dry and there's nothing left for you. Where's the sense of it? It sucks you dry, and then at the end of it you don't know whether you've done more harm than good. . . . This job needs God, and I'm not God."

Mine Own Executioner is admirably written: Mr. Balchin's tense lightness, his dispassionateness, his economy of words, his power of writing alternately racy and tragic dialogue, all appear. His people are at times unbearably living.

Kipling

"RUDYARD KIPLING: A NEW APPRECIATION," by Hilton Brown (Hamish Hamilton; 10s. 6d.), is interesting, and comes at a good time—for I cannot doubt that the next few years will see an overhaul of our literary values; and that this—apart from the natural emergence of young writers, with everything new they will have to say—may result in the displacement of some few former idols, and the replacement, in their appropriate niches, of reputations that had unaccountably lapsed. Perhaps one should not say "unaccountably"—everything is accountable, if one takes the trouble to look back and to think. Mr. Hilton Brown has done both: in this book he diagnoses not only Kipling's genius, but its temporary lapse from favour. Some readers, I dare say, will not even admit

(Concluded on page 152)

self-expression, and in that knowledge something is at rest within his soul. But the second-rater, who has at last to confess to himself that he can never be any other, has equal suffering but unequal satisfaction.

There are few things so emotionally stultifying as a sense of frustration. "Where do we go from here?" the spirit asks despairingly, and the answer comes back quite pat: "Nowhere in particular!"

In parenthesis, the present Government might well take warning of this disintegration of the spirit through that red-tape strangulation of ambition, freedom of action, and that hush-hush policy in almost every direction which is transforming a nation's excited ambition into a morose lethargy. One doesn't in the least pity the second-rate who imagine they are in the topmost flush. On the contrary, we usually dislike them. But I think the guardian angels of those who have the temperament to understand the glory of the first-rate but can themselves only achieve mediocrity, must be filled with pity. Nobody else is. Perhaps most of us go down into our graves with all our deepest disappointments unuttered and our acutest sufferings unknown.

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Spofforth—Shepperson

F/O. Ian L. Spofforth, R.A.F.V.R., elder son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. H. R. M. Spofforth, of St. Michael's, Tenterden, Kent, married Miss Mary E. Shepperson, younger daughter of Sir Ernest Shepperson, M.P., and Lady Shepperson, of Upwood House, Hunts



Pearcey—Hewetson

Major John F. Pearcey, M.C., Reconnaissance Corps, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Pearcey, of Bournemouth, married Miss Esme Ruth Hewetson, W.A.A.F., younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. St. C. Hewetson, of 74, Melton Court, London, S.W.7



Holt—Pegram

Capt. Richard A. A. Holt, The King's Royal Rifle Corps, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Holt, of Marshalls Manor, Maresfield, Sussex, married Miss Daphne Vivien Pegram, only child of the late Vice-Admiral Frank H. Pegram, C.B., D.S.O., and of Mrs. Pegram, in London



Buckwell—Tomlin

Major Basil Buckwell, D.S.O., M.C., R.H.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Buckwell, of West Moor, Dorset, married Miss Yvonne E. S. Tomlin, only daughter of Mrs. G. S. Tomlin, of Whitegates, Wentworth, Virginia Water, Surrey, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Mitchell—Welch

Major Stephen Mitchell, Junior, Notts. (Sherwood Rangers) Yeomanry, only son of Major Stephen Mitchell and Mrs. Mitchell, of The Rosery, Cleve Hill, Cheltenham, married Miss Dorothy Ann Welch, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. R. W. C. O'Donaghue Welch, of Singapore, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Laurence—Thompson

Lieut. Roger Frederic Laurence, R.N.V.R., elder son of Admiral Sir Noel Laurence, K.C.B., D.S.O., R.N., and Lady Laurence, of Weybridge, Surrey, married Miss Mary Thompson, twin daughter of Mrs. W. H. Ellis, and the late Mr. E. H. Thompson



O'Brien-Swain—Coats

Capt. Paul O'Brien-Swain, K.R.R.C., of Hove, married Miss Mary Coats, of Paisley, in Paisley Abbey. Capt. Swain was a prisoner of war for two years in Germany and Italy



Reames—Daniels

Lt. Ralph T. C. Reames, R.N.V.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Reames, of Brymar, married Miss Audrey C. Daniels, 3rd/O., W.R.N.S., second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Daniels, at All Saints' Church, Lindfield, Sussex



Ruck Keene—Greig

Lt. Thomas Ruck Keene, R.N., son of the late Admiral W. G. E. Ruck Keene, and of Mrs. Ruck Keene, of Greystones, Hampshire, married Miss Anne Coventry Greig, daughter of Capt. (S.) Kenneth Greig, R.N. (retd.) and Mrs. Greig, of Chapel Park, Ayr, at St. Michael's, Chester Square, London

A SOCIAL DIARY

(Continued from page 136)

Racing in Europe

WITH the exception of B.A.O.R., where there is great disappointment among both officers and men at the ban on racing, meetings have been organised during the past few months in Belgium, France, Austria, Italy and Holland, and have been a great success, giving any amount of pleasure and entertainment to our men stationed out there.

News from Austria tells of the wonderful progress they have made in establishing a racecourse and getting together enough horses to race. When the 6th British Armoured Division, commanded by Major-Gen. H. Murray, C.B., D.S.O., made their advance into Austria in May, faced with the task of bringing law and order to a beaten enemy, they found one of their greatest difficulties were the horses. There were thousands of them—draught animals, Cossack chargers, hacks and Austrian bloodstock, all the residue of horse-drawn German and Austrian Armies. Many were straying and doing great damage to crops, but in a short time they were rounded up and sorted, and soon all units of the Division, including R.H.A. and famous Lancer and Yeomanry regiments, were busily engaged in their off-duty hours riding and training.

A committee was set up under the presidency of Major D. G. Evatt, the well-known G.R., with Capt. Sir W. G. C. Carmichael, 16/5th Lancers, as secretary. There was no civilian racecourse in the vicinity, so a site was chosen at Eibelhof, about eight miles from Klagenfurt. Soon 300 German prisoners were labouring to make and drain a square mile of land into a perfect racecourse, with miles of white-painted rails, jumps, grandstands, paddock, and even a Tote.



Brigadier C. Usher's Peter Pan, Ridden by Major J. Spencer, Takes the Open Ditch

Over five thousand spectators attended the first race-meeting organised by the 6th British Armoured Division at Eibelhof, about eight miles from Klagenfurt, in Austria. The story of the construction of the racecourse is told on this page

First Meeting

THE result of all this was a very successful opening meeting, attended by over 5000 spectators. A popular win was Major Evatt's victory on Col. Barnetson's The Brig, which had started favourite. There was a great thrill in the mile-and-a-quarter chase when Major Bullivant, on his Spandau, and Major David Greig, on his Edward, jumped the last fence together and started the long run-in neck-and-neck; finally Spandau, staying the better of the two, found that extra turn of speed and passed the post half a length in front.

After this auspicious start the Division have held many more meetings at Eibelhof, one on

behalf of the Eighth Army. The racing has been excellent and challengers have come from far and wide, but basically it remains a family affair. The Tote has proved popular and a percentage is taken for welfare—a good idea. So far Major Evatt is heading the list of winning riders, with Major Greig a good second. Other winners include Lt. Joe Hartigan, a well-known G.R. before the war and son of Mr. Frank Hartigan, the famous Weyhill trainer; Capt. Stuart Murless, B.S.M. Goldie and Private Cook. Several of these young riders hope to be competing over here during their leaves this winter, now there is more steeplechasing in this country.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 150)

this temporary lapse: for them, Rudyard Kipling has never budged from his place in their personal, and their sense of national, life.

In 1936 there died a man whose name had once resounded throughout the temple of English literature and the explosion of whose genius had rocked its walls. His name still resounded—but in the forecourts, rather than in the Holy of Holies. No writer was more keenly loved, debated, plumbed, searched and remembered—except among those whose business it was to set the standards of taste. No great writer was so near the hearts of his readers; no great writer had been, perhaps, since Dickens. There were millions who bowed their heads when they heard of his death; there were millions to whom the thought that there would never be another Kipling story was a personal wound, poignant as the loss of a friend. But the leaders of literary thought, the king-makers of writing, surveyed the event with comparative equanimity; they wrote of it coldly and cautiously; if they had any enthusiasm they were at pains to dissemble it; they wrote down Kipling; or they did not write at all. Was this a phase, or did it indeed forecast the ultimate judgment of time? Were the critics of the 'nineties all at sea, with their eager interest, their half-terrified delight in their discovery, their unequivocal admiration, their bitterly unequivocal dislike? "Will there ever come a season"—when the wheel shall have spun round, when the verdict of the nineteen-twenties and 'thirties will be ridiculed and the verdict of the eighteen-nineties restored to its place?

Boy's-eye View

KIPLING had an unhappy childhood, a triumphant youth and a sombre maturity. *Baa Baa Black Sheep*—that unforgettable story of a small boy sent home from India, boarded out with hard-faced people and suffering a bewilderment, a sense of injustice, disgrace and, above all, desertion that he could never voice—is, as is generally known, autobiographical. At Westward Ho!—the school of *Stalky and Co.*—things began to take a turn for the better: he seems to have kept his end up pretty well, in spite of the handicaps of clumsiness and short

sight. And when, on leaving school, he returned to India, he went straight to a pleasant job, due to his father's influence, and enjoyed a happy home-life and the orbit of interest and gaiety surrounding his exceptionally popular parents. Mr. Hilton Brown, on the subject of Kipling in India and Kipling's India—that of the great stories that not only made his name, but "made" India for thousands of readers who knew nothing else of that country—is particularly good. He reminds us—and this I certainly had not realised—that Kipling was in India only between the ages of seventeen and twenty-four. He rendered, though with all the force of precocious genius, what was inevitably a boy's-eye view. He was fascinated, intrigued, mystified, dazzled by every aspect of Indian and Anglo-Indian life that came his way: he at once simplified and dramatised everything—as a boy does. Actually, he happened to be in India at a particularly important time; but intellectual, political and racial problems did not interest him. He focused his brilliant imagination on soldiers, mewing lepers and Simla flirts—and with his stories of these, in a year or two, under the championship of W. E. Henley, was to take London by storm.

All through Kipling's work, Mr. Hilton Brown considers, runs this tendency to snap judgments. He was quicker to use his imagination, his poetic sense and his visual powers, than to use his brain. Some of his snap judgments have, lately, been found abhorrent. Mr. Hilton Brown considers (and I agree) that Kipling has been taxed with these too often, and judged by them too much. In the end, the brilliant imagination would seem to pay up the debts of the lazy mind. He was sometimes disliked—personally, and in his writing—for a sort of harsh and blustering quality. He has also been criticised, Mr. Hilton Brown says, for his soldiers, his women and his humour—the justice or injustice of these criticisms is, here, impartially discussed. . . . The fiasco of Mr. and Mrs. Kipling's attempt to live in America—Vermont, her native country—culminating in the showdown with

Beatty Ballentier, furnishes a dire but amusing chapter. . . . Mr. Hilton Brown's style occasionally runs away with him and becomes a little repetitive and overloaded. But his delineation of Kipling the man and his critical appreciation of Kipling the artist are, equally, valuable and clear. . . . Rudyard Kipling should certainly be read by those who wish to get Kipling into a fresh perspective.

New Ground

"THE MODERNS: PAST—PRESENT—FUTURE," by Jack Bilbo (The Modern Art Gallery; 21s.), prefaces 60 reproductions of paintings (of which nine are in colour) with a fine, bristly piece of aggressive writing by Mr. Bilbo. "The title of this book," he says, "might appear to be a paradox, as the period it covers goes back almost a hundred years. But the word 'modern' in connection with art, also means progressive and creative, and the paintings in this book were specially chosen for their progressiveness and creativeness." The graded arrangement of the pictures—we begin with Van Gogh, Manet, Renoir, Cézanne, and end with Barnes, Burra, Cruddas and Peter, Jones—is subtly instructive. I wish Mr. Bilbo would not be so angry with the public—in advance, as it were—for not liking the new in art. That sort of anger frightens people off. A good deal of the brutal stupidity with which he charges the general public is little more, I think, than a nervous noisiness put up to cover timidity. We have got round (it is true, in a hundred years) to the French impressionists—moderns of the past. In the future, we may get round to the future's moderns. But we need tactful handling—and must be allowed time.

"Gramps"

AN enfant terrible grandfather, Gramps Wiggins, is the detective in Erle Stanley Gardner's *The Case of the Smoking Chimney* (Cassell; 7s. 6d.). This old boy, with his way of turning up with his trailer, threatening the District Attorney with a family scandal, and mixing everybody insidious cocktails, is a winner. This enjoyable story has a Californian scene. The plot, though good, is overshadowed by Gramps.

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by Jean Lorimer

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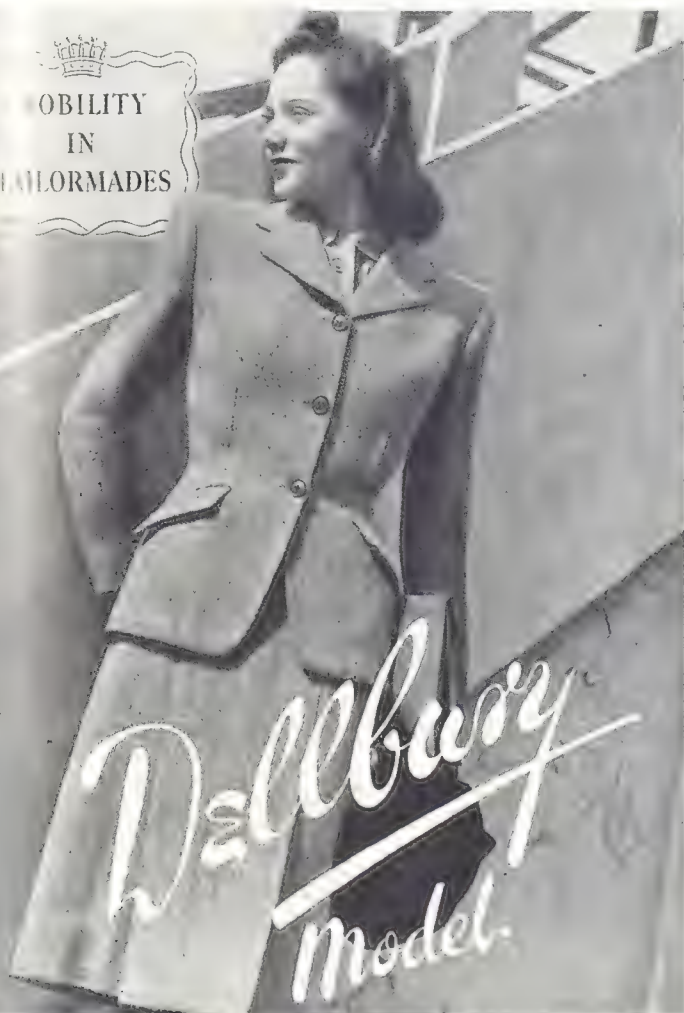
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Stories from Everywhere

THE new minister was extremely enthusiastic about foreign missions, and one of his first self-appointed tasks upon coming to the parish was to call upon all of his parishioners whom he knew to have money, and enlist their support.

"I'm sorry," replied one wealthy farmer, "but it's no use asking me. I don't approve of foreign missions."

"But surely," the minister persisted, "you know that we are commanded to feed the hungry."

"That may be," came the grim reply, "but surely we can feed 'em on some-thing cheaper than missionaries."

A CROWD of small boys were gathered about the entrance to the circus tent, pushing each other and trying to get a glimpse of the interior. A man standing near by watched them for a time, and then went up to the turnstile and said to the ticket collector: "Let these lads through and count them as they go in."

The ticket man did as he was asked, and as the last boy passed into the tent he announced: "Twenty-five, sir."

The man smiled pleasantly. "I thought I had counted right. Good afternoon!"

THE son of the house had been on a binge the night before, and at break-fast his father had a straight talk to him about drink and late hours.

"By the way," he broke off, "there's one thing I should very much like to know. How on earth did you manage to get up-stairs without your mother hearing you?"

HIS wife was about to benefit the nation, and so that he should not have to celebrate the happy event by treating all his soldier pals in the mess, he arranged that a telegram should be sent in code. If it were a boy the telegram was to say: "Saturday's joint arrived," and if a girl, "Sunday's joint arrived."

The telegram arrived while he was in the mess. The sergeant came in and yelled out: "Telegram for Smith. 'Saturday's and Sunday's joints arrived; chicken expected later.' And the captain says report to him for misuse of Army rations."

DURING a recent war-bond drive on a destroyer escort somewhere in the Pacific, the ship's paper asked: "Why are you buying war bonds?"

One of the more alert seamen answered: "Freedom from fear, freedom from want, freedom from oppression and freedom from the Navy."

"How's your back this morning?" asked the housewife of the local grocer. The grocer was delighted with this solicitude. "Oh, very much better this morning, thank you, madam," he said.

"Then bend down and get me a box of matches from under that counter," retorted the customer.

THIS story comes from *The Saturday Evening Post*.

After being rescued from a Jap prison camp, homeward-bound survivors of Corregidor stopping off at Brisbane, discovered that they had accumulated more than two years' back pay. Thirty-five of them, joined by several other Yanks and Aussies, decided to spend some of the unexpected wealth on a real celebration. But party-wise hotel managers shook their heads sadly—no space was available for such a gathering.

Then one night, shortly before their departure, they met a stranger who not only owned a hotel, he wanted to sell it. The price, about three thousand six hundred dollars, divided among more than forty men came to less than ninety dollars each. So they bought the hotel and the party lasted for three nights and two days. The third morning the boys emerged, tired and triumphant, but a little puzzled as to what to do with their purchase.

Just then a pretty blonde started up the block in their direction. They looked at her, at one another, then nodded solemnly. As she came along, the first man planted a resounding kiss on her cheek and passed her on to the next. One by one each man gave her a similar token of his admiration—then they gave her the hotel.

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Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Beryl Morina, the new principal ballerina of "Perchance to Dream," was a pupil of Kschesinska in Paris, and of De Vos in London. She worked with Massine in Paris when only thirteen years old, and at seventeen was chosen by Sir Kenneth Barnes of the R.A.D.A. to dance for the Queen at the presentation of the Bancroft Gold Medal

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

New Race

UNLIKE bicycles, aircraft are not well suited to slow races. One cannot conveniently wobble and wamble about in an aeroplane trying to stretch out the time taken for covering a three-kilometre or any other course. Yet when one thinks of speed records and when one relates them to the practical uses of aircraft, one sees that they tell only one part—a very valuable part, admittedly—of the story. The practical aircraft user wants to know first what the aircraft's top speed is (from which he can get the cruising speed), but then he wants to know what its low speed is. In other words, speed *range* is a highly informative ratio. If after making its high-speed runs, one of the Meteors had made low-speed runs, and if the range had then been stated, a most interesting figure would have been obtained.

But there are obstacles to this. The attempt to fly very slowly close to the ground in an ordinary fixed wing aircraft is apt to be risky. And the speed record measuring devices will not work for height. Moreover, it would be difficult to prevent an aircraft which was doing a slow speed run, from S-bending a little and so artificially lowering its speed. And, finally, there is the helicopter to render all slow speed work vain. For the helicopter has an infinite speed

range and would, therefore, always show up better than any other kind of aircraft. A helicopter could not only register a speed of 0 kilometres an hour (the official regulations have the sound sense to work only in the metric system), but it could also fly backwards along the course and register a minus speed!

Yet the helicopter lacks the ability to fly fast compared with fixed wing machines. If we are ever to establish a speed range record, we would have to introduce some new formula which would take into account the top speed. An aircraft with a speed range of 6 to 1 and a top speed of 600 miles an hour, for instance, would have a better figure than an aircraft with a speed range of 7 or 8 to 1 and a top speed of only 100 miles an hour.

Private Flying

IN private flying especially, speed range is of the utmost importance, but even there it must be related to top speed.

Private flyers—if we ever have any again in this country—want to be able to fly slowly because that usually helps in giving safety; but they also want to be able to fly reasonably fast.

The Percival Proctor is the kind of machine which gathers popularity because it does give a really useful top speed and cruising speed, yet it has a sufficient range to make it safe. I was well impressed by the export Proctor that was shown the other day. It was a beautifully turned out aircraft. You could see your face in the polished wing surfaces, and the cockpit arrangements were a joy to the eye of any pilot. That is the kind of aircraft, I believe, that Britain will be able to sell abroad—the first-class, exquisitely turned out, perfectly-made machine. I fear Sir Stafford Cripps's mind turns always on the cheap article and hardly ever on the good one. It is the outcome of his amiable pre-occupation with the poor and with providing everything for the poor and nothing for the rich.

I hope that in our drive for aviation export markets and for motor car export markets, we shall remember that abroad Britain is regarded as the place where well-made things are produced and not the place where mass production enables extremely cheap things to be produced.

Prices

THAT is not to say that everything we make must be dear. We can also make cheap things successfully and sell them. Some of our cheaper cars are of high quality, and so we may hope will our cheaper aeroplanes be. But the quality must always be there, not *only* the cheapness.

Manufacturers have, so far, been rather shy of naming aircraft prices, though it is good to see the de Havilland Company, with its usual sound sense, stating the price of the Dove. But it must be difficult to name an aircraft price while nobody knows what the government intends about private flying.

Similarly motor car prices are affected by government policy and whether there is likely to be any relaxation of the purchase tax. Meanwhile, motor car manufacturers have, as I have noted in previous articles, given out the prices of some of their new models. Vauxhall, for instance, are selling the 10 h.p. four-cylinder model at £290, the 12 h.p. at £315, and the 14 h.p. at £375—all subject to the addition of purchase tax.

Bird Speeds

NOW that birds can be tracked by radar, we may at last resolve all the conflicting reports about the speeds at which they fly. A report on experiences with radar plots of birds is given in a letter to *Nature* from David Lack and G. C. Varley. One plot was of grey geese for fifty-seven miles. The birds had a ground speed of 35 miles an hour; but as the wind was 40 m.p.h. and partly with them, their air speed worked out at 25 miles an hour. They were flying at 5,000 ft. Plots of birds by radar gave rise to several E-boat scares and to one invasion alarm. Birds are less likely to be confused with aircraft on radar plots than with ships, owing to the speed differences.



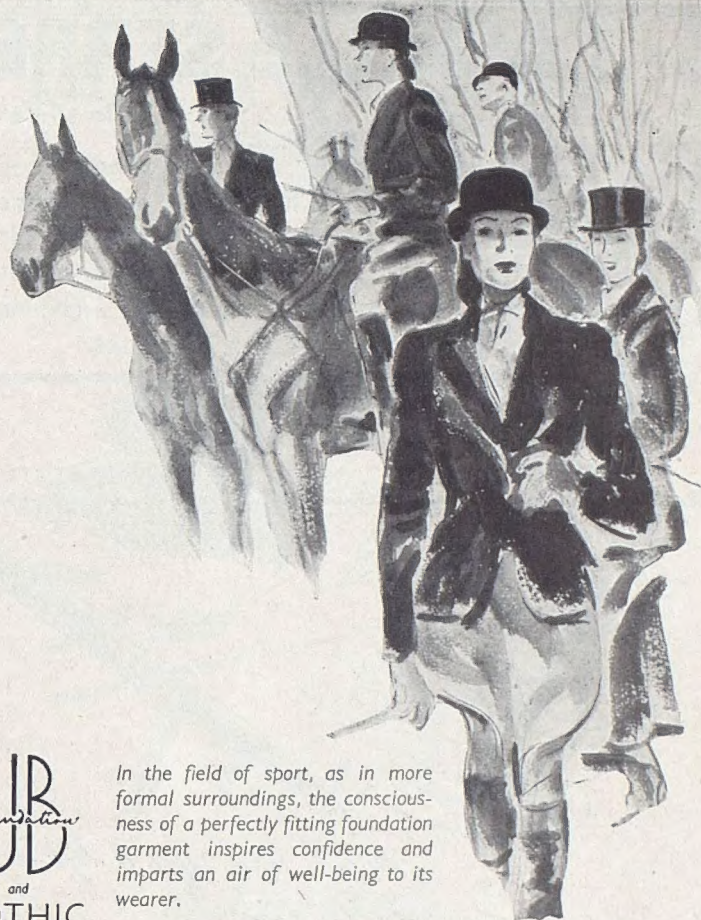
Air/Cdr. Frank Whittle, the inventor of the first successful jet propulsion engine, with Dr. S. G. Hooker, Assistant Chief Engineer, Rolls Royce Jet Engines, and Mr. J. P. Herriot, Development Engineer, were photographed together. It is Air/Cdr. Whittle's patient years of effort that has made it possible for Britain to attempt the World Speed Record

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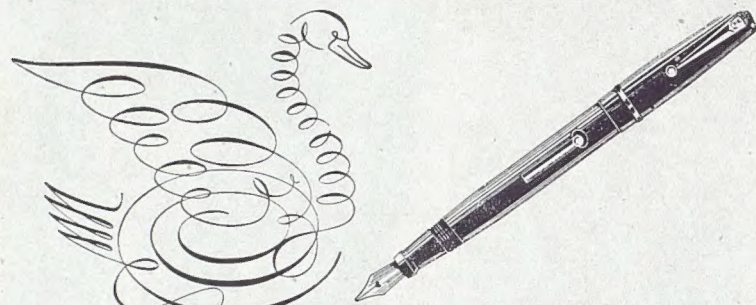
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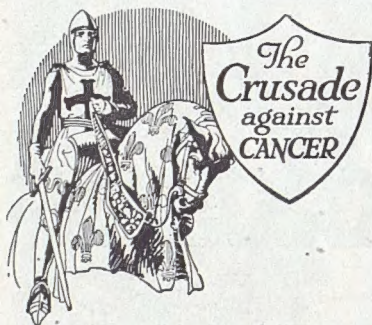
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(A Menu dated 1935)



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Roast Chicken with
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